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rather unsafe clue to causes. In particular does his phrase "variability of mind" seem to sum up a great deal of truth in clear-cut fashion. One remains, however, somewhat skeptical about the "enigma" of the Russian people, so far as that term may seem to imply more than a certain difficulty in understanding the psychology of a race that has had a markedly different history from that of one's own people. In course of time, one has grown rather impatient with the suggestion, so frequently made, that the soul of Russia is enwrapped in a mystery impenetrable to Western eyes. Other writers, it may be noted, have emphasized the social qualities of the Russians as heavily as Dr. Dillon stresses their a-social tendencies; have lauded their genius for coöperation in small groups as much as he criticizes their general social incohesiveness; have dwelt upon their want of racial animosity as impressively as he has insisted upon their occasional savagery. If it be said that the very enigma of Russia consists in the coexistence of these opposite tendencies, it may be answered that the reconciliation of opposite tendencies is precisely the problem which all highly organized races, and individuals, have to work out. This is not a mystery; it is a general law of human nature. Evidently, no solution of the problem is in sight in Russia to-day; but it would be rash to deny the existence of an excellent basis for a solution in the character of the people themselves. Dr. Dillon, indeed, is not wholly discouraging in the few remarks which he permits himself to make at the end of his book about the future of Russia; but he is hardly sanguine. Is he, perhaps, too much influenced by that cynical attitude toward the people which is said to be characteristic of members of Russia's former ruling-class? Americans, with their instinctive faith in human nature and in democracy, would doubtless like to think so.

However this may be, it must be said that Dr. Dillon has written perhaps the best book so far published in America on the events and conditions leading up to the Revolution. His knowledge, particularly of Russian politics, is profound and extensive; his facts are startling and authoritative; his view of the whole subject is broad and scholarly—the view at once of a public man well informed about all important events and in touch with the principal actors in them, and of a detached philosopher.

FIGHTING FRANCE. By Stephane Lauzanne, lieutenant in the French Army, officer of the Legion of Honor, editor-in-chief of the *Matin*, member of the French Mission to the United States. Translated by John L. B. Williams, A.M. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The German nation is an organism in which the normal balance of the traits that make up humanity seems to have been destroyed. The body rules over the mind; the mind governs the soul. The huge military and industrial machine stands in the place of the spirit; it dictates to the mind and conscience of the nation. The State concocts and inculcates grandiose schemes of conquest, propagates monstrous lies, teaches false morality, plans villainies, makes wickedness a duty.

Thus the mind, subservient to the will of the machine, perverts the moral sense. Verily, in Germany, *Der Staat ist Macht*. Power, brute power, is in the saddle and rides mankind.

Contrast this dehumanized nation with France, of all nations the most refined, the most civilized. The moral grandeur of France has awakened an enthusiastic admiration which cannot overshoot the mark. But this is not all. France is not merely an *ignis ardens*, a flaming spirit. Subjected to the most nerve-racking and heart-rending trials, she has continued to manifest a cool, self-possessed, critical reason, and she has revealed a physical soundness and strength that enable her to bear with buoyancy the heaviest strains. In her, all the normal elements of character are found in full development and in due subordination one to another. The results of this harmony are order, measure, restraint, unflinching, clear-sighted devotion. In short, France as a nation is not only heroic, but sanely, healthily, lovably human.

It is because M. Lauzanne has revealed the human greatness of France in all its principal aspects, and because he has done this with a coherence, a reasonableness, and a restrained strength of feeling which are typically French, that his book is an interpretation not only of the spirit of France, but of France.

The spirit of France may be gathered from casual anecdotes, from bits of overheard conversation. During the mobilization M. Lauzanne saw some rough Norman farmers entering the train on which he was travelling to join his regiment. They were "talking with the same good-natured calmness as if they were going away on a business trip. One expression was repeated over and over again: 'If we've got to go, we've got to go.' One farmer said: 'They are looking after our good. I shall fight until I fall.' The spirit of the whole French people," says M. Lauzanne, "spoke from these mouths." It spoke in ringing tones, through the proclamation of General Gallieni, which had "in its brevity the beauty of an ancient inscription." This proclamation read: "I have been ordered to defend Paris. I shall obey this command until the end." The same spirit finds expression in the marvellous utterances of men dying or about to die on the field of honor, sayings having an unconscious classic beauty, the beauty of sincerity and restraint. It speaks no less eloquently in the voices of the women. Said Madame de Castelnau to the priest who came to announce the death of her son—her third son killed in battle: "Yes, I know what you are going to tell me. . . . God's will be done. But the mothers of France would be wrong in weeping for me. Let them envy me." Near Verdun some gendarmes found, one night, an old woman, a humble soul, crouched on a grave that was still fresh. "I come from La Rochelle," she said. "Five of my sons have already fallen in the war. I have come here to see where the sixth is buried—the sixth—my last son." When the gendarmes, to honor her, presented arms, she added: "Even so, Vive la France!"

It was the same spirit which was demonstrated on a great scale in the never-to-be-forgotten battle of the Marne. Strategy? Yes, it was a masterly stroke which Joffre conceived and which Gallieni and Manoury carried out. But the battle would have been lost if any general of those in the line—Joffre, Gallieni, Manoury, Franchet d'Esperey, Foch, de Langle de Cary, Sarraill, Castelnau, Dubail—had

once failed in the seven days of trial. It would have been lost if the men in the ranks had not believed with all their hearts in the destiny of their country and in the beauty of the cause for which they fought. It was not enough for them to fight desperately; they had to fight with faith. Generals and men performed the impossible, and the battle was won by a miracle—a miracle of *morale*.

In order to understand the feeling of France, one must see the foe as the Frenchman sees him. In the way of "frightfulness" there is, indeed, little to add to the facts that we all know. As someone has said, "the mind may become sated with truth." But the character of the enemy may be drawn with certain strokes that bring him into clearer focus. The nastiness, the drunkenness, the gratuitous destruction and desecration, the needless cruelty—and then the stereotyped explanations: "It is sad, but it is war." "Certain civilians fired on our soldiers"—these things can only be lightly touched upon. M. Lauzanne touches upon them lightly, but frankly and convincingly. The moral obtuseness which gives the spy complacency among the people he has betrayed—this is a trait needed to complete the picture. The famous phrase of Schopenhauer has received striking exemplification: "The German is remarkable for the absolute lack of that feeling which the Latins call '*verecundia*'—sense of shame."

Not only the spirit and the feeling, but also the mind, of France is reflected in M. Lauzanne's book. France is fighting not only to preserve all that is dear to her from the peril of immediate destruction, but to make sure that she will not have to fight again. The German war-machine must not only be stopped; "it must be broken and destroyed, thrown out as scrap iron to prevent the pieces from being reassembled, readjusted and put in running order again." This, France has quietly realized and firmly held to. When she speaks on this subject, there is no note of hysteria in her voice, but the tone of long-cherished conviction. She knows, too, exactly what she means by the words, "restitution, reparation, guarantees." Her war aims, as explained by M. Lauzanne, are simple, clear, unquestionable. France is hospitable to ideals, and brave enough to attempt the realization of the loftiest; but she is also eminently realistic and practical. It is characteristic, perhaps, of her temper that it is a Frenchman who, in approving the principle of the League of Nations, has written perhaps the simplest and the justest criticism of that really hopeful plan. What M. Lauzanne has to say on this subject is neither, in the current meanings of the terms, "optimistic" nor "pessimistic," as so much discussion of peace unfortunately is. His country has learned to view dispassionately the actual situation in its simple elements, and then to build and hope for the best—true wisdom.

Finally M. Lauzanne makes us understand the wonderful vitality, the physical stamina, so to speak, of France. France is *not* "bled white"—far from it. Statistics showing the increase of the army, the enlarged production of war materials, the condition of the colonies, the work of reconstruction carried on in the reconquered territory, the assistance in money, in munitions and in man power that France has given to her allies, completely destroy the belief that France, however much she has suffered, is near the end of her strength. The chapter which the author has devoted to the strength and resources of his

country contains facts more surprising than do his other chapters and almost as thrilling in their implications.

Direct in manner, and very often concrete, lucidly explanatory or calmly critical wherever the nature of the subject makes such treatment appropriate, not lacking in the eloquence necessary to set great things in a true light, but never too impassioned, M. Lauzanne's book accomplishes the end aimed at: it gives to Americans a singularly clear and nobly outlined conception of fighting France.

THE ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT. By Y. Translated from the French by Grace Fallow Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

What is the essential difference between a well-told narrative of fact and a product of the artistic imagination? Is it not mainly this: that the latter tells more, and tells it more subtly and hence more expressively, while the former, concentrating the attention upon a few obvious and disparate aspects of the truth, approaches indefinitely the condition of a mere catalogue of events, minutely observed, it may be, but at best somewhat bare and artistically somewhat incoherent? Certainly, there is no reason in the nature of things why the true story should not be as good as the fiction story. Only, for the most part, it is not. The people who know the facts are usually unable to give them life—that reality, in other words, which depends so much upon the wholeness of the effect. The deliberate realists seem often but half successful in their attempts to make "realism" as interesting as concrete truth, or as coherent as romance.

The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport is the exception in "fact-stories." It is true; it has realism, it has "reality." In other words, it possesses both concrete and artistic truth. All kinds of interest are packed into it, with an ease, a naturalness, an economy of expression, which in a novel would command admiration as denoting the highest art.

To begin with, the story reveals an aspect of the war of which the general public have known little—the work of the merchant-marine in the earlier years of the conflict and at the time when the U-boat menace was at its height. On the one hand, "Y," of course, knew many things that no one but an officer on a "water-bruiser" could have known so well or felt so deeply: the folly of refusing to equip vessels like the *Pamir* with guns or wireless, the stupidity of underrating the danger from the submarine, the general inefficiency with which the business of the merchant-marine was managed—these things hit him hard. On the other hand, his knowledge of the whole war-problem was necessarily small, and he gave perhaps undue importance to rumors that fitted in with his notions. If it be objected that this latter fact diminishes the significance of his story, it may be replied first that in many respects "Y" has been proved to have been right, and, secondly, that it is just this imperfection of knowledge which makes the whole story so concentrated in its effect. It is simply the story of an officer upon a French transport—an officer who of course had opinions